

Agent Spider, spiral into oblivion

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Agent Spider, spiral into oblivion

by [villain_klaus](#)

Summary

The mission was simple. Go out in Queens and pretend to be a hero in a spandex suit and try to catch the eye of the Avengers. When they trust you, take them down from within.

What Peter never expected, was to see the one who had been portrayed as a villain all his life to start looking more and more as a father to him.

Now Peter's torn between carrying on the mission, or fighting for what he believes is right.

WARNING: this story will contain swear words and violence throughout the story!

((I just uploaded this from Wattpad lmoa))

Notes

I wrote this nearly a year ago and cannot remember the plot but I was mad about the lack of recognition it had on Wattpad so I'm uploading it here again. Didn't look at my fic since then and I'm not planning on changing anything.

Welcome to Stark Industries

Somewhere in New York, in the biggest building of the town, was a man whining as he walked behind a strong and powerful woman. The man was called Tony Stark, and the woman was none less than Pepper Potts. "What do you mean there's a kid coming over to have a talk with me?" He complained like some kind of an overgrown man-child.

"I mean that he had the highest score on those tests we sent out so I invited him for a talk. With you." She simply said as she poured herself a cup of tea. "But why with me Pep? I have important things to do!" He exclaimed frustrated. "Dodging meetings and being hovered in your lab to work on your suit is not important work. Besides, I think you and him will have a lot in common. Trust me." She reassured him, Tony knew that there wasn't anything else he could do than to obey her, since sometimes his fiancée managed to scare him a little.

"Alright," he groaned admittedly, "when does he get here?" Pepper looked at her watch as she took a sip from her tea. "In about 30 minutes." She told him, Tony nodded defeatedly which caused a smile to erect on Pepper's lips. "Be nice to him, okay? He's still just a kid." She said as she planted a loving kiss on his cheek before disappearing off into the elevator, her cup of steaming tea was left motionless on the counter.

The man sighed, he didn't necessarily think that he could ever have something in common with a kid. But he also didn't want to disappoint Pepper, since he had already given her his word that he would give the boy a chance. Tony poured himself a cup of coffee, staring at the black substance in his mug as he thought what could possibly make that child so special. In one enormous sip he drank all of his coffee, ignoring the burning feeling the hot liquid had left behind.

Tony was clicking his pen subconsciously as he leaned back as far as possible in his chair and overlooked the view of New York from his window. The file of the boy was scattered across his desk, he had read everything that could possibly be read about him. "Boss, the boy Miss. Potts talked about has arrived." FRIDAY notified shortly before a soft knock could be heard from the door. "Come in!" He yelled, he made a 180° turn in his chair to face a young man with brown curly hair and brown eyes. He looked helplessly around before locking his eyes with Tony's.

"Please, take a seat." He offered, the boy clumsily made his way towards the chair while muttering a soft thank you. "So, Peter, what makes you so special?" Mr. Stark asked, which left the boy speechless. "Uhm, nothing. Really." He said anxiously, which only caused the billionaire to grin. "I'm just joking around, tell me something about you." He asked, the boy softly nodded.

"M-my name is Peter Parker, sir. I-I'm 15 years old. Just moved to Queens with my aunt." He told, Tony nodded with every piece of information he had been granted. "Where did you live before?" He asked, "London, sir." The man could've face palmed himself right there and then. Of course, he thought. The boy's accent was clearly British.

"Well, tell me why you want this internship?" He asked, the boy shrugged. "It's obligatory for my school to let everyone take this at the beginning of the year, so when I joined I had to take it too. It's just luck that I got here, I guess." He said, which caused Tony to raise an eyebrow. "Kid, you got the highest score anyone of your age has ever scored. Do you realise that?" He asked. The boy shrugged once more.

"I'm going to offer you an internship here, kid. More specifically, my personal intern. I can use a mind like yours by my side." He said, realising that Pepper was indeed right. "Seriously?" He asked, his eyes lit up. "Seriously kid, can you start right now? I still gotta finish a project." He offered, the boy nodded aimlessly. "Sure!" He exclaimed happily. Tony smiled back, standing up from his chair.

"Welcome to Stark Industries, I guess." He smiled warmly, something which surprised both him and the boy. Pepper had sent multiple people to him in order for them to get an internship, and all were much older than this boy here was. Tony had sent most of the people out of his office again, some of them had even ran out crying.

But Tony had actually read a file, for once. He had seen the boy's IQ, realising that it was higher than his, and was fairly immediately sold. He put a hand on the boy's shoulder, who flinched shortly and unnoticeable under it, and led him towards his personal lab. The boy looked awestruck at it, Tony couldn't help but smile at his gleeful expression.

"Impressed?" He asked, the boy nodded. "I never imagined to be in a lab this big myself. I was always a little jealous when he went to the lab and I couldn't." He said, walking over to something that had managed to attract his attention. Tony didn't question who this he was, he figured out that it perhaps was his father or something.

He noticed that the boy had started to fiddle with whatever had managed to catch his attention, and Tony went to work on his project. The two of them spent some time in silence before Tony spoke again. "What kind of music do you like?" He asked him, the boy was caught off guard and shot a quick glance at the older man.

"I don't know, I don't really have any preference." He said, Tony looked at Peter with one eyebrow raised in the air. "Can I put on some music then?" He asked, the boy simply nodded before turning his attention back to whatever he was working on. "FRIDAY, put on the album Back to Black." He grinned, loud music blared through the lab and Tony saw that Peter grabbed his ears in order to

block out some sound. "FRIDAY, lower the sound please." The music got lowered until it was bearable for Peter's sensitive ears.

"I'm sorry that you had to turn it down, I'm just not that accommodated to loud noises and bright lights. Never have been, as far as I can remember." The boy said, Tony nodded understandably. "Then I should be the one to say sorry? Don't you think?" The boy fell quiet again and the silence between the two made Tony a little uncomfortable.

"Anyway, show me what you were working on." He said, the boy grabbed whatever he had spent his attention to the past two hours and showed it to Tony. Without saying another word he showed the broken repulser that Tony had given up a few days before. "You managed to fix it?" He asked wondered, the boy nodded before his attention got drawn to what Tony was doing.

"Why did you put those two wires there? It would be much more logical to put these here." He said as he carefully pulled out the previously wrong attached wires and replaced them. Tony looked at the young boy who kept being a mystery as to how he knew how to fix so many different things.

"Thanks kid. I wish I had you around earlier, would've saved me a lot of blown up labs." He chuckled, which made the boy grin. "No problem, Mr. Stark." He said, Tony realised it was the first time since they've met that he had called him Mr. Stark and not sir. "Please, call me Tony." He said, but his words seemed to resolve in thin air as the boy's attention had been drawn to something else again.

A small smile played around Tony's lips as he looked at the boy who seemed to fix all kind of little things around the lab. For a moment he wished that he had any children, perhaps they would be as brilliant as this boy was. With the smile still attached to his face, he turned his attention back to his project.

On the 73th floor of Stark Industries Pepper Potts sighed in relief as she had just finished her last meeting of the day. Her head was honking like crazy, all the words that had been said during the different meetings were spinning around in her head.

"FRIDAY, where's Tony?" She asked once she left the conference room. "He's in his lab with Peter Parker." The AI responded, which caused Pepper to forget about her bouncing head as a smile grew on her lips. She knew that Tony would enjoy the young boy's company, she simply didn't expect it to happen so soon.

Eventually the boy had to go back home, and Tony had invited him for dinner. The boy had agreed to stay, and Pepper couldn't be happier. She had seen one of his pictures and found him rather cute, she was interested in how he would be like.

She had prepared dinner for the three of them, since none of the other Avengers were currently at the tower. When dinner was finished she let FRIDAY call the two people who had spent the last several hours in the lab. The two came stumbling towards the table, talking about something they had been working on.

"Hello beautiful." Tony flirted and gave her a kiss on the cheek, Pepper blushed before putting the plates on the table. Peter stood awkwardly as he watched the two adults flirt. He looked down at his shoes, unsure what to do. Tony laughed as he gave Peter a pat on the back, which caused him to look up.

"Take a seat, perhaps we can get to know each other better. I mean, you are my personal intern. We're gonna spend a lot of time together." Tony grinned, Peter shifted uncomfortably in his shoes before nodding and taking a seat.

Pepper put food on each of the three plates, without saying a word they started to eat. She noticed that Peter was shoveling down her food and was clearly enjoying it. "You like it?" She asked him with a soft smile, he returned the smile back. "It's delicious ma'am, never had anything that good." He said, which caused her to blush a little.

"Hey, don't compliment her too much buddy. That's my job." Tony joked, which caused him to get a soft slap from Pepper. "Well I don't hear you compliment my food a lot, do I?" She asked him, Tony simply grinned as he took another spoonful of mashed potatoes.

"So, Peter, where are you from? I noticed your accent." Pepper said when they were halfway done eating, which meant that Peter had already finished his plate. "London ma'am. Moved here a month ago." He said, Pepper nodded. "Got any hobbies?" She asked him, curious to figure out anything that wasn't in his files.

"I like to read and build things I guess." He said, still not revealing a lot about himself. "I like to read too! What kind of genre?" Pepper asked, the boy shrugged. "Anything is fine, really. I never received a lot of different books, so I was happy to be given anything." He said vaguely.

In the vaguely given context Pepper and Tony could figure out that he had a rough childhood.

Perhaps he didn't have a lot of money to buy books or he just didn't have access to a library or something. Or his parents were really strict, forbidding him to read anything that didn't pass their check.

The truth lies far from all of those options, given that the organisation that 'raised' Peter tried to block as many outside influences as possible. Which caused the kids there to barely read any books that they could have possibly liked. Of course they had learned how to read, preferably as many languages as possible to perfectly blend in on missions. But no one knew about this, of course.

The rest of dinner was spent in silence until Peter had to leave, he was told that he could come back to the tower tomorrow after school, and he had promised to come. Yet neither Tony or his AI has detected any strange behaviour of his new intern. When he had made his way towards the ground floor and took the metro back to his apartment, no one there suspected anything odd about this boy either.

Once he arrived at his apartment, the lies he had spread would suggest that a loving aunt was waiting on him. But they were nothing but that, lies. Truth is, when he unlocked the door and stepped in he was met with no one waiting for him.

On all of his 936 missions, no one has ever waited for him or prayed for him to return safely. The few rare occasions where he had gotten hurt, there was no one to threat his wounds. The times where he experienced something weird called feelings, there was no one who would guide him. He was and always would be, alone.

The door fell in it's lock with a soft click, he walked towards the dinning table and took out slick black laptop he had with him on all his missions. "Agent Spider, mission update requested." Came the automatic voice. Peter cleared his throat before he spoke.

"Mission successfully started. Subjects haven't suspected anything, I've managed to gain some of their trust already. Today's subjects were; Tony Stark and Pepper Potts. End of today's update." The laptop beeped and Peter closed it before he looked out of the tiny window.

He didn't know how to feel about this mission, if he was honest. No mission had previously required so much predicted time as this one. Sure, sometimes missions took days or even weeks. But this mission was predicted to take months. His mission clearly included: gain all of the Avengers' trust and take them out at the moment they least expected.

Peter knew that it hurt more when you saw someone who thought you knew well kill you, that's what the organisation wanted. As a payback for the Avengers because they had managed to get on

their tail.

He prepared himself to go out as Spider-Man, something the mission also required. They wanted him to not only gain the team's trust as an intern called Peter Parker, but also as the superhero called Spider-Man. When Peter first saw the suit he was supposed to wear he let out a ridiculous laugh, a noise that sounded odd in his ears.

The given red and blue spandex suit had some similarities to his all black suit he usually wears on his missions, which gave the feeling that this mission was doing its best to push all of his limits.

As he was changing in his suit he kept thinking back about that awkward dinner. How good the food tasted, way different than he was usually served. He felt weird, realising that everyone else experienced something like this on a daily base. Perhaps, he thought, it wouldn't be weird to get a taste of a normal life for this mission. After all, he was miles away from the headquarters. And besides, no one will find out about it, he reassured himself.

And hey, it's not like this mission would change him or anything. He is and always will be Agent Spider, HYDRA's best trained assassin in years.

The Vigilante who calls himself Spider-Man

Nick Fury knew everything about everyone that was going on. After all, he was the one that started the Avengers initiative. His reaction when he found out that a new unregistered superhero suddenly popped up wasn't that lightly, to say the least. "Who is this person?" He spat out while throwing the numerous papers on his desk, the file that contained all the possible information was scattered around and left a mess behind.

"He goes by the alias of Spider-Man, director." The man said quietly, scared of his director's possible reactions. "When has he first been spotted?" He asked, his one eye was focused on the man in front of him who seemed to tremble underneath his glare. "T-two weeks ago sir." He stuttered which only made Fury angrier.

"Two weeks? And no one has told me anything?" He exclaimed frustrated, he really wished he held something else in his hands that he could smash to pieces. But his hands were completely empty, perhaps that was for the best. "Get me more information about this Spider-Man, agent." The director demanded, the poor agent didn't have a choice but to not and scramble out of the office.

"Two weeks, goddammit." He repeated quietly underneath his breath. His mind still couldn't grasp around the fact that someone had managed to go under his radar for that long. He opened his laptop and tried to find any more clues about the hero, mostly by hacking into databases. Still, he was left with nothing. Eventually he called in another agent who seemed even more scared than the previous one, as she noticed that Fury had become more frustrated than before.

"Call a meeting with the Avengers, will you? We have a new mission." He said, his back was towards the agent as his eye scanned the view from the window. Oh, he would find out who this Spider-Man person is, even if it would be the last thing he ever did.

If you would've told Tony Stark two weeks ago that he would ever grow fond of a 15 years old boy, he would've laughed at you straight in the face. He never really bothered to care so deeply about someone who was just an intern to his billion dollar company, but he did this time. Over the past two weeks he had spent a lot of time with Peter in his lab, the duo had a nice balance of working together that he truly enjoyed. He knew how the boy thought and he assumed that the boy knew how he thought.

He also noticed the little smiles Pepper threw whenever she was done in the office and heard that

he was in his lab together with Peter. Every day she asked him if he could stay over for dinner, most of the days he accepted and they learned more about him.

Tony learned that the boy didn't have any parents, but did have an aunt. His favourite colour was red, Tony then proceeded to joke that it was because of the Iron Man suit and Peter jokingly replied yes. He didn't see the slight hint of hurt in the boys eyes that was nearly always invisible, not even Pepper saw it. After all, it was only there for a millisecond.

Tony Stark would also declare it a lie if anyone would tell him that he was actually looking forwards to the time when Peter usually arrived at the tower. But deep down, he knew, that it wasn't a lie and that he was actually growing attached to him.

He was hauled up in his lab once again, like nearly every Monday afternoon, until his AI suddenly paused the blaring music for an alert. "Boss, a meeting seems to be called by Director Fury." FRIDAY spoke, Tony groaned and shot an annoyed look at his AI. "Is it urgent? Peter arrives in 34 minutes." He complained. If AI's could sound sorry, then that was the tone FRIDAY spoke in when she answered him.

"He says that no one can miss this meeting because it's important." She said, Tony groaned and stood up dramatically. "If my kid arrived before the meeting ends tell him I'll be back soon, alright?" He asked her. "Sure thing boss." She replied, Tony tried his best to arrive at the meeting as late as possible because he really didn't want to be there.

His expensive designer shoes were basically dragged over his nice white floor, so little did he care at that point. With the expectations that he would be incredibly late, he proudly pushed the doors open. Only to come to the realisation that he was the first one to arrive. Nick Fury was sitting on the table, boredom spread across his face. "Good. You're here." He said with a monotone voice.

"How the fuck am I the first person here?" Tony asked confused, he would've sworn that he was doing his best procrastinating on it. "I made sure your call arrived earlier than the others, Stark. Now sit down and wait." He said, Tony groaned and obeyed while he realised that he had been played by the pirate.

Not much later the others strode in. First was Natascha Romanoff, dressed in all black like usual with that sharp glare of hers. She walked in, stopped for a second to spare nothing more but half a second to look both Nick Fury and Tony straight in the eye before going towards a seat. Then came Steve Rogers, he was wearing a pair of sweatpants and a half soaked shirt. The smell of sweat hung around him and Tony pretended to puke when Steve walked in.

He didn't say a word either, deciding that a discussion with Tony about appropriate jokes was wrong timed. For now. Clint Barton arrived next, he was enjoying a cherry flavoured lollipop despite the fact that there weren't any to be found around the tower. Tony wondered where he had gotten it from, since he refused to leave the tower for the past 4 days in order to get a glimpse of Peter.

Clint's clothes were dirty, perhaps he picked them up from the floor real quick without baring it a second thought. Or because he had just spent the past hour through all the vents of the tower, who knows? Last but not least, Bruce Banner arrived. His clothes were wrinkled, as if he had been missing sleep for the past few days. Thor didn't march in, mostly because of the fact that he was currently off world.

Fury had decided that for this mission he only needed the original Avengers, and that if the mission would go wrong, but like terribly wrong, he would call in more help. When Fury noticed that everyone had arrived he cleared his throat so that everyone would look at him. "Glad you could all make it here." He said, which priggged an eye roll from Tony. Fury looked at Tony, and without missing a beat he told them all what the mission was about. "Ever heard about the vigilante who calls himself, Spider-Man?"

Peter's missions had always been simple. Sometimes he had to eliminate people who were a threat to others. He had learned to never question a single mission in his life, simply because he had seen the consequences. Others his age, they weren't so obedient as he was. They had to learn it the hard way.

It wasn't like Peter to complain about a mission, perhaps because the other missions were a lot easier than this one. It wasn't necessarily the part of gaining the Avengers' trust that bugged him, but more the fact that he had to go to an actual high school to make it all seem more believable.

He had always been taught by HYDRA agents who had a degree in teaching, therefore he never knew the real struggle of going to school. He held up the beliefs that it couldn't be that bad, but boy was he wrong. He has been going to Midtown for the past month and everything was so extremely loud. The people there were annoying, according to him, and he really hated the fact that he couldn't use any of the numerous knives he had with him to make them silence up a little.

He only really talked to two people there, a boy named Ned Leeds, someone who seemed too friendly for his own good and wouldn't hurt a flie at all. And a girl called Michelle Jones, or MJ, who seemed to suspect Peter of something. But neither of the teens suspected the right thing, but this doesn't really matter. For now.

Peter always looked forwards to when the bell rang, meaning that he could focus on his actual mission instead of wasting his time in a building filled with hormonal teenagers. And when the bell finally rang, he was the first one to run out of the building.

The tram brought him to Stark Industries, a place he used to despise with all his being but that quickly became a place that he felt safe in. He would deny it if anyone would accuse him of slowly changing, no he did not see Tony Stark as a father figure and no he didn't grow accustomed towards the way Pepper Potts treated him.

He brushed the thoughts off as he walked into the giant building, people were greeting him and he nicely greeted them back. He stepped into the elevator and without saying a word FRIDAY took him to the labs. When the elevator came to a stop Peter walked in, he was a bit earlier than usual and was flabbergasted to find the floor to be completely silent. Usually he would hear music from Tony's lab, but today he didn't.

Cautionary his feet made their way towards the lab, scared that HYDRA might've somehow found out about Peter's slightly changed perspective towards the man. He clutched his heart, was slowly preparing himself to expect the worst. He carefully slipped a knife from underneath his jacket and pointed it towards the possible intruder. When he pushed the door open and held the knife out, he was caught by surprise but most importantly relief.

He found the lab to be completely empty, but still intact. Which meant that nothing had happened at all and that it was just his thoughts playing a trick on him. "FRIDAY, where's Mr. Stark?" The boy asked, letting the knife slip back from wherever he had pulled it from.

"Boss is currently in a meeting." The AI said. Peter raised an eyebrow, he knew that Tony only handled meetings when they concerned the Avengers. He tried to get the AI to respond to his numerous questions such as "what's the meeting about?" and "where is the meeting?". To his dismay the AI didn't respond to any question, saying that he didn't have the authorisation.

"Do I need to hack you in order for you to answer me or something?" He joked. "I'd like to see you try, Peter." The AI responded, which he saw as a challenge. He quickly walked over towards Tony's laptop and got in with ease. He spent the next 15 minutes overriding as many protocols as possible so that the AI would treat him like she treated Tony.

"Alright, now tell me what that meeting is about." He said when he finished. The AI didn't even hesitate to respond. "Nick Fury called the meeting to catch Spider-Man." She said mindlessly, oh how fun! Peter thought to himself. They want to figure out who his alter ego is, while it's his mission to take them down! Perhaps this is what HYDRA had been wanting all along, he thought.

"Hey kid." Beamed the voice of Mr. Stark, which managed to disrupt Peter from his thoughts. "Oh, hey Mr. Stark." He mumbled, as he quickly closed everything he had been doing on his laptop. "What have you been doing?" He asked the young boy, who seemed to come up with a believe excuse real quick.

"Just waiting for you. Didn't you have that one thing you wanted me to help solve?" He asked, remembering their conversation from Friday night. "That's right, hold up." He said as he walked over to a box filled with broken tech. The sound of scraping metal was hurting Peter's ears until it slowly stopped and Tony pulled out a sort of weapon.

"What's that?" Peter asked curiously, moving closer towards the object Stark was holding. "It's one of the prototypes I designed for my suit but I didn't end up using it. Perhaps we can improve it?" He asked, the teen cautiously took the weapon out of Tony's hands and observed it.

"What are you gonna use it for?" He asked, looking up at his mentor and subject. "Fury wants us to have a talk with Spider-Man." He said mindlessly, not really caring about spilling the information Fury was always so secretive about. "Why? He seems like a good guy." Peter mumbled, he had gained a taste of the superhero life and hated to admit that it felt pretty good.

"And Fury seems like a control freak. Trust me kid, when the pirate feels left out at the party he's gonna break down the entire place." Tony said, digging through the box of lost equipment once more. "Still, Spider-Man hasn't hurt anyone, so why are the Avengers needed?" Peter asked, he started to fiddle with the tiny machine he held in his hands.

"Fury wants to know who he is, kid. Like I've said before, complete control freak." Tony said, his eyes rolled once more as he pulled another device out of the box. "Well, what happens when he finds out who he is behind the mask?" Peter asked, he had walked over towards a chair and had taken place on it. "I don't know kid. Perhaps he'll become an Avenger or we'll leave him be. Fury didn't mention it." Tony said, he walked over towards Peter and took place next to him.

"What do you want that happens?" Peter asked, he didn't feel that protective about his secret identity. Mostly because it wasn't in his orders to keep it a secret, but Peter was someone who didn't enjoy all the attention on him. And if he didn't feel like toying that much with the Avengers he thought about just spitting the truth out. But right now, he did want to toy with them, just a little.

"I don't know the guy. If he has an ego as big as me he can't join the Avengers, there's only place for one." He joked, which caused a soft giggle to escape Peter's mouth. Tony smiled upon noticing that he had managed to let Peter laugh.

He had only known Peter for two weeks, and in the beginning he barely laughed. But it seemed as if he was starting to loosen up, which Tony enjoyed a lot. He also told more little things about his own life, but still kept them vague which caused Tony to grow concerned about the boy. Yet, he still didn't mention any of his concerns to Peter nor Pepper. He thought it to be safer for them all to pretend like something wasn't off.

"Well, hypothetically if the guy was nice and stuff, what would you do?" Peter asked, Tony pondered the question in his head. "Well, if he is nice and friendly perhaps I'll let him join the team. We can always use a new member, I'm growing annoyed of Mr. Star Spangled Pants anyway." Tony joked once more, Peter smiled as if that answer managed to satisfy him. He didn't ask any more questions about that subject either, his attention fully focused on the tech he held in his hands.

Well, not hell exactly. The Avengers.

The city loved to have a superhero who stood up for the little guy. Despite the fact that Spider-Man only came in the light two weeks ago, the people adored him. And it seemed as if Spider-Man adored them back. At first, he was a bit awkward around the people but he soon grew accustomed to them. It was Wednesday, and Spider-Man was calmly swinging through the streets.

He heard it from far behind him, the soft talking over coms and the sound of a flying iron suit following him close behind. He swung towards a flat roof and landed with ease on both of his feet. "You can come out now." He said, he swiftly turned around just as Tony Stark landed behind him. "Ask Black Widow, Hawkeye and Captain America too come out too while you're at it." He said cockily, Tony spoke in the coms to do so and soon the other Avengers revealed themselves too.

"How did you know we were here?" Natascha asked, she looked closer upon the boy and noticed the spider on his back. "Call it intuition." He said, Tony waved Natascha's question away as he took the word once more. "Anyway, Fury wants you to have a chat with him." He explained, now it was Spider-Man's turn to wave the words away.

"I don't care about S.H.I.E.L.D. Or the Avengers, really." He said before waving a quick goodbye and jumping off off the building. Tony ran towards the edge of it, expecting the worst, but was met with the sight of Spider-Man swinging away. "Follow him." Captain America demanded, ad the Avengers obeyed.

Soon our four heroes were following the young superhero throughout the city, as if Spider-Man had planned on slinging away. Eventually they all got tired, and Clint shot some arrows which Spider-Man managed to dodge with ease. Black Widow signalled for Clint to fire some more as she threw her Widow Bites with perfection at the web slinger. While dodging one of the arrows a Widow Bite scraped against the boy's arm and for a moment he lost his balance before regaining it.

Peter shot another web to a building until he heard the sound of a giant frisbee flying through the wind. Just a second too late he realised that Cap's shield had cut his web right above him. "Oh buggers." Peter muttered underneath his mask before he realised he could simply shoot another web. The sound of a repulser echoed somewhere behind him, but his Spidey sense didn't warn him so he ignored it. But oh boi, that was perhaps his first mistake in years.

The boy felt a burning sensation on his side right where part of the repulsor managed to hit him. Peter swung towards a tiny alley, but first made sure that he had lost the Avengers. When he noticed that no one had managed to follow him, he let himself painfully fall on the ground. His side wound was throbbing and his suit was drenched in blood where the Widow Bite had managed to scratch him.

Sure, he wanted to toy around with them but he never even thought that they would use their weapons against someone who wasn't even dangerous. Or, not this dangerous in this suit anyway. He grumbled as he looked at the cloudy sky above him. Perhaps this is what I deserve, he thought. I should've never have gotten attached to Tony Stark in the first place, the teen thought to himself once more. He grabbed himself together, trying to ignore the protesting feeling in his body as he made his way back to his apartment.

The swinging to there was painful, simply because he had started to lose all his feeling in one of his arms. But eventually, he arrived and climbed through the window. There he saw the laptop on the table, right where he had left it. He couldn't help but let out a frustrated laugh. "This is what y'all wanted? Wasn't it?" He scoffed before logging in.

"Welcome, Agent Spider." Came the voice of no one less than Mrs. Noudat, the person who sent him on this mission, greeted. "You look like you've been through hell." She said, clearly noticing how her best Agent had gotten hurt. "Well, not hell exactly. The Avengers. They want to know who Spider-Man is." He explained to her.

"Next time they come, tell them who you are. That's an order." She said firmly, disliking the fact that Peter had been toying around. "Give your missions report so far." She said, Peter's shoulders slumped into the one available chair. "Well, they think were all pretty close now. Still haven't gotten to talk to Romanoff, but the others seem to trust me." He said, not even feeling a hint of pride.

"That's good. She's the toughest. Take your time on this mission, Agent Spider, it's most important for you to gain all of their trust." She said, she ended the call without another word and Peter painfully closed his eyes. His mind brought him to a possible outcome of the future, of him killing the people who treated him as family. He started to doubt if he could actually do it, but then realised that he didn't have a choice. It was their lives, of his.

It was Friday afternoon, Natascha Romanoff was peacefully sitting in the common area reading a book. Well, she was pretending to read a book. In fact, she was waiting for Tony's intern to walk through the elevator on his way to grab a snack, like he did every day. Yesterday she noticed that he was slightly limping on the side where Tony had hit Spider-Man with his repulsor. And she knew what kind of secrets the boy held.

Ever since he had become Tony Stark's personal intern, she saw him hanging around the tower more and more. He behaved himself slightly uncomfortable around them, and sometimes she still

found tiny traces of that in the way he acted. And she thought she now finally knew why. It's because Peter Parker is Spider-Man, she knew it for sure. She was convinced that the boy only acted so strange because he tried to hide the fact that he was a superhero, and that no other secrets were lying underneath.

So, when he walked out of the elevator and greeted her, she greeted him back like she has been doing ever since he appeared. He grabbed a snack and went back to the elevator, after a good 5 minutes Natascha followed him. She found him together with Tony in the lab, as to be expected. She knocked on the door, ready to confront the boy about his secret identity.

Tony was the first one to turn his head towards the ex-assassin, and that was only after 5 minutes of uncomfortableness because she hadn't been noticed yet. "What's up Nat?" Tony asked, testing her limit of nicknames once again. "It's Peter." She said confidently. At the sound of his name the young boy looked up, she could've sworn that she saw a hint of provocation in his eyes but it soon disappeared.

"What's up with Peter?" Tony asked confused, he looked over at his intern who was peacefully working on a new invention. "He's Spider-Man. Haven't you figured that out yet?" The master spy said, challenging the billionaire. "Sure thing." He scoffed with disbelief in his voice. "Give me arguments as to why he is Spider-Man if you're so sure of yourself." He said, simply refusing to believe that he had managed to hurt the boy who seemed to look more and more as a son to him.

"Sure thing." She said, leaning against the doorpost. "The way he acts, like he's afraid of revealing himself." She told him, Tony was about to open his mouth but Natascha spoke again. "He has been limping yesterday on the same side where you had shot him." She said, Tony didn't open his mouth this time. He must've noticed it too, she thought. "And this." She said, grabbing one of her Widow Bites and throwing it towards Peter.

Tony was about to wildly protest because she was on the point of turning a deadly weapon at his intern when Peter caught it right in front of his face with a natural ease. "Point. Proven." She said proudly, Peter threw the Widow Bite back with such an expertise that it nearly scraped Natascha's ear before resting in the wall. "How did you?" Tony asked, until he realised that his intern indeed was Spider-Man.

"That's why you asked so many questions, didn't you? And that American accent?" Tony asked stunned, not entirely believing the truth. "Yes. The accent was to put you and everyone else off trail. Nothing personal." He excused himself, just as polite as ever.

Natascha felt satisfied knowing that she had managed to expose who Spider-Man really is. It seemed as if a sort of tension had been lifted off his shoulders. She decided to leave the two alone, and she silently attempted to leave the scene. While Tony was yelling at Peter for putting himself

in danger, the teen's eyes slipped over to Natascha. She saw a kind of hard determination in his eyes, as if that wasn't the only secret he held. She tried to brush it off as nothing, since not even a millisecond later he was staring in shock at Tony's outburst.

Fury was looking full disbelief at Tony Stark, after he had called the man 26 minutes ago to tell him that he had found information about the mission that needed to be told in person. Tony saw the man looking at Tony and then at Peter and back as if he was trying to tell which one of them started the rumour.

"So, you are meaning to say that this child is Spider-Man?" He asked once more, Tony nodded. "Nat figured it out, show him." Tony said at the same time when Peter said "I'm not a child." The two looked at each other for a split second before Tony smiled reassuringly. "C'mon Pete, if you manage to convince Mr. Pirate here you might become an Avengers. Isn't that why you became a hero in the first place?" Tony said.

"No. I became a hero because someone needs to protect the people down there." He said grumpily, Nick Fury didn't take shit of the teen's attitude. "I don't care why you became a hero." He lied. "Show me whether this is true or not." He demanded, Peter groaned and jumped so high that he reached the ceiling and stuck to it with ease.

"Unbelievable." Nick Fury said, mostly because of the fact that he couldn't believe a 15 years old kid had managed to stay underneath his radar for two weeks. "We'll contact you when we need your help, Spider-Man." Nick Fury said firmly as he stood up. "Wait what? That's it? Did I endure an hour long meeting just for you to finally react like this?" Tony Stark bursted out, not pleased with that one meeting at all.

Fury didn't pay any attention to the billionaire anymore as he was already making his way towards the door. "Stop him Spidey! I'm not yet done being mad!" Tony exclaimed frustratedly and just when Fury was about to grab the door handle his hand got webbed to it, making it impossible to leave.

Fury turned around, at least as much as his webbed hand allowed him too. "Now explain to me what this means, Stark." He said, clearly not pleased with Peter's actions. "I'm gonna yell at your lame ass reaction! That's what it is!" Tony said, he felt disgusted at the director for giving the team orders to capture Spider-Man.

He was disgusted at the fact that Cap had ordered them to follow Spider-Man. He was disgusted at

Clint for shooting those dangerous arrows at his intern. He was disgusted with Natascha for encouraging Clint to shoot these arrows while she threw her Widow Bites. But most importantly, he was disgusted at himself for shooting Peter. If only he had payed more attention to everything, like the way they both acted nearly the same. Or the way his voice sounded despite the change of accents. If only he had known.

He yelled at director Fury for giving them a mission one of his agents also could've done. He yelled about the fact that his plan didn't spread as far as to tell the team what they were going to do with Spider-Man afterwards. That he didn't give any clear instructions on what they could and couldn't do with the young hero. Fury took all this yelling silently in. Tony was too busy being furious that he didn't notice that Peter was whimpering slightly at the sound of his loud voice, or how he was nearly on the verge of tears because he realised that Tony actually cared about him.

"Are you nearly done, Stark? I got places to be." Fury said emotionless, as he attempted to break free from the webbing. "Get me out of these." He demanded, Peter scurried over with one of his knives and freed the director with ease. Tony took a deep and shaky breath as he looked back at Peter.

"C'mere boy." He said, embracing him in a hug. Peter obeyed, unsure of what he expected. He seemed hesitant at first, seeming that it was the first time in his entire life that he had ever been shown openly affection, but after a split second he hugged back and closed his eyes. He took in the typical smell that hung around Mr. Stark, that of motor oil and aftershave. A smell he had grown familiar off.

"I'm sorry we hurt you." Tony softly whispered in the boy's ear, he was too stunned to respond. He barely heard any apologies towards him, but there was a first for everything. Right? "It's okay, you didn't know." He whispered back. Neither of them dared to stop the hug, simply because they were both enjoying it too much.

"Where's Peter?" Pepper asked worriedly. She hasn't seen the boy since Wednesday, he didn't even stay for dinner that day. It was Friday and she heard that he hadn't come yesterday either. "I don't know Pep, I've tried to call his Aunt but the number simply didn't exist." Tony said worriedly, he was typing on his computer in an attempt to fish any information about the boy. But as it turned out, he didn't even exist until three weeks ago.

"Do you thinks he's-?" Pepper asked concerned, too scared to say the word hurt. Or something worse, like kidnapped or killed. Tony and Pepper had found out through Natascha that Peter was Spider-Man. Who knew who else might've figured that out?

"I don't know Pep." Tony said defeatedly. "I'm gonna do everything that's in my power in order to find him. Don't you worry." He reassured. He wasn't sure who he tried to comfort more, Pepper or he, by saying that Peter was gonna be alright. He could only hope that the boy he had grown to love was alive.

The fourth point of our agenda.

Peter woke up with a grunt, he was in his scrawny little apartment in Queens, still. He had received an order to stay put for a few days, to create tension between the Avengers and to see how attached they had already grown towards the assassin. The teen groaned once more and turned around to look at the time. It was Saturday, and he had grown guilty because he disappeared upon Mr. Stark like that. The time was 3:17 in the morning, and Peter couldn't exactly recall why he had woken up so suddenly. Perhaps he had a nightmare or something, but those nasty dreams never really stuck to him for too long.

His fingers reached towards the phone he had received for this mission, he had memorised Mr. Stark's phone numbers and tapped it in. He was pondering whether or not he should actually click on call or not. The room was dark, with the only light coming from the lit up phone screen. After around 30 seconds of inactivity the light disappeared, leaving Peter alone once again in his dark room with nothing but his thoughts.

I should call him, tell him that I'm alright, that a family thing came up. Peter thought. No I shouldn't, the tension is what's good for the mission. His own thoughts shot back. He unlocked his phone again and stared and the oh so familiar number on his screen. The mission, he reminded himself before locking his phone again. He couldn't bulge out of this order now, he couldn't soften up. Not now, not ever. Peter sighed as he squinted his eyes, trying to loosen up his thoughts.

The boy felt bad for doing something like this, but he simply had no choice. He didn't want to go through that. Not again.

The boy was there. Only, he was younger. Much younger, perhaps around the age of 10, but he wasn't sure. No one in there knew their exact age or even their birthday. Simply because there was no room for that, or time for joy. The boy didn't reassemble his 15 years old self at all. His younger version was shorter, yes, but also much more confident. He was so sure of himself to never screw up any mission, he had already gone on 60 of them. But hell, he regretted his cockiness a lot that moment.

Young Peter was strapped to a chair, one his strength couldn't break out off. He was half conscious, perhaps it was because of the drugs he had been infected with or the beatings he had to bear. The memory of itself was a little fuzzy, but the point was clear. This is what happens when you fail a mission.

Peter was locked up in that room for an entire week, barely surviving of scrapes of food and a little bit of water every day. Because of his enhanced healing, the beating was stronger and more frequenter than it usually was. His entire body was aching, but especially his arm. As one of the last things on the list of punishments, there was a tattoo that had to be applied on the skin. But the tattoo wasn't anything ordinary at all, it was a reminder. A reminder of who he is and what he's supposed to do, but also a reminder of the one time he failed.

The day before his very first mission he was also strapped to a chair. A different one in a whole different room. He was around 8 at that time, and scared for his life. Sure, growing up as a trained super assassin life could be scary, but it become significantly more scarier when you were about to receive a tattoo. On his left arm he got the words property of HYDRA tattooed, and on the right arm on the exact same place their symbol. He was told to wear it with pride, but the first few days he wore it with fear.

And from that day on, he didn't only wear the words property of HYDRA on his left arm anymore, but also the words Agent Spider on the left. On his right arm, between the inside of his elbow and his armpit, he had the spider from his costume tattooed. So he would know who he is, and in some sort of wicked way it helped. Because it never stopped to remind Peter what he actually is. Nothing but a killing machine who only takes orders.

Some days Peter hated to be reminded of that, especially the few weeks after he had gotten out of that room. But when he had gone on more missions and proven that he was actually a worthy assassin, he got promoted on team missions to leader. People looked up to him and he found it great, because it meant that when a mission even slightly failed in the eyes of HYDRA it wouldn't be him who would get punished.

It's a hard world, growing up between four metal walls surrounded by the most dangerous people alive. And in that world, it's every single person for themselves. Peter had to learn that the hard way too.

Captain Steve Rogers stared at the billionaire in complete and utter disbelief. Tony thought it was because his tiny little pea brain couldn't comprehend that Tony would actually care about someone else except for himself. A few years ago, that might've been true. But since he had become Iron Man he had changed, he realised how short life could be if you didn't show how much you cared about those people who are important to you. This is also the reason why Tony had finally called in the help of the other Avengers.

At first, he had tried to find Peter himself. But his new found intern simply seemed to have completely disappeared. "And why do you care about your intern? Perhaps he simply just quit."

Steve reasoned, knowing how annoying Tony could be without his cup of coffee. "Because he became more than an intern to me, Rogers." Tony bit back, this made Clint gasp dramatically.

"But I thought you were in love with Pepper!" He grinned, which only caused Tony to annoyingly roll his eyes. "He became more like a son to me Barton." Tony said, Clint didn't dare to reply back anymore. Sam Wilson had his arms crossed and was heavily leaning back in his chair, taking in all the details of what's been said. Rhodey cracked his knuckles as he slowly nodded, he had seen Tony and Peter grow closer over the past few days and realised what the boy meant to his best friend.

"Alright Tones. Tell us what you want us to do." Rhodey said, Tony sent a grateful look towards his friends before he started to explain the plan. Tony alone had tried everything in his power to find the boy, but he knew that with the help of the rest of the Avengers he could reach more. Everyone nodded as Tony explained what he wanted, which was that anyone could find a lead on where Peter was and possibly find him too. Tony didn't tell the rest of the team yet what he found out about Peter, he figured that it was the boy's choice to come clean towards the others.

"Agent Spider, we have taken notice that-" shit, Peter thought, they knew that I was softening up. This is it, I'm going back to that room, aren't I? He feared for the worst words to follow, but was met with complete surprise when the next words were something entirely different than he had expected. "-the Avengers are looking for you. You need to return to base for a few weeks before you can resume the mission." That was it. That's all. Nothing more than that one sentence calling him to go back to his 'home'. He didn't have a choice than to obey.

Peter packed all of his possessions in the one suitcase he carried on every mission and left the apartment. And like a thief in the night, the boy left Queens, New York. Finally completely slipping off the Avengers' radar.

He had been back at the base for 2 days before he got called for another mission. He had to go to the Alps, because there was going to be a meeting between the most corrupt business men in one of the meeting rooms of a very expensive hotel that's surrounded by little chalets. "See it as a little vacation, you've earned it." Mrs. Noudat said, her pitch black hair was neatly combed into a tight ponytail. "Make sure you enjoy this mission, Agent Spider. You're gonna have to stay here for the next 2 months to work those Avengers up." She said, Peter bowed his head while he muttered a soft yes ma'am.

Peter read the report he had been giving in the plane. He had to go to Saintsbury Hotel, a 4 star hotel and sneak in into the 14 hour 30 meeting in room 17, which was the biggest meeting room the hotel had. There, around 12 men would be seated. First, he had to take down all the communication for that room and let the meeting happen. And then, when the meeting was finally done, he had to do where he was good in. Killing all 12 members of the meeting. It wasn't the hardest mission to exist, and as Mrs. Naudat said, it was like a kind of vacation.

On Friday the 13th, 16 minutes after the 14th hour, Peter was installing a small device that would shut down all incoming and out-coming communication within the room. He pressed a little button on the side, a green light flared on and step one was done. He crawled further towards the ceiling, his dark suit neatly aligned with his body. He opened one of the vents on the ceiling and went through it, silently closing it behind him.

He crept through the vents, still not making any noise, and stopped right above the conference room. He had a view on everyone in the room and observed them. Something deep inside him feared that Tony Stark or Pepper Potts may have been in this conference, but thank god they weren't. They were all just men he didn't know, which made the entire mission much easier.

And so, the meeting began. Peter was patiently waiting in the vents, listening to what they all had to say. "This is extremely boring." He muttered quietly to himself. He never was someone who would pay a lot of attention in meetings, mostly because his attention would manage to drift off to something more spectacular than someone explaining something.

"Now we have arrived at the fourth point of our agenda." The person at the head of the table said, making eye contact with the other 11 men in the room. "Stark Industries." He continued, now Peter's attention was glued towards the meeting, what exactly did these men have in their minds that had to do with Stark Industries? He bent a little bit closer towards the opening of the vent so he could get a better look at the members.

"I say we try it on the legal way." Suggested one person, the head of the table shook his head disapprovingly. "If we do it legal, he'll research us and find the accusations against us. We can't have that Jackson." He responded, clearly displeased with the lack of common sense when it came to topic four. Jackson grunted, as someone else took the word.

"We can hire some men, they can take the weapons we need." He suggested. This seemed to please

the leader, but it only stumbled on more questions to both Peter and the leader. For Peter the question was, what exactly were these people planning? And for the leader, which men will we hire to do this dirty job?

"Which men? Any more suggestions? Also, work further on that plan Richards. We want our men to follow our orders exactly." He said, Richards nodded and started to type on his laptop. "Well, I've heard rumours about an underground organisation that's good at retrieving weapons." Another man said. The leader looked sceptically at the man. "Rumours?" He nearly yelled.

"Rumours aren't good enough!" He now, fully screamed in anger. "If we want this to succeed we need facts not rumours! We want to take over the entire United fucking States, not getting caught by the government because you've heard some stupid fucking rumour you shithead." He bursted out, this made the man who had suggested it visible shrink smaller in his chair.

"Now we need some real ideas." The leader said, the meeting carried on as if some stupid ideas hadn't been pitched at all. Peter listened with caution to whether or not they would mention anything Stark related again. It didn't happen, but they did manage to come to a conclusion on how they could take over the entire United States. They would each hire some of their best men for the job, this provided security since they knew that none of these men would possibly expose their plan to any outsider.

"Good job everyone, that's it for today." He said, this was Peter's sign. He took off the metal plate that closed off the vents and jumped through it. The business men looked wary and shocked because a teenager just jumped out of the vents and had been eavesdropping to their entire meeting. Peter shot each of the business men in mere seconds straight to the heart, he was so sucked into shooting them that he hadn't noticed that one of the remaining men had pulled out a gun and fired a shot.

Peter ducked out of the way right in time and his eyes glided towards the man who shot. In the process of turning he shot a man on his left and right side, making him to stand eye and eye with the leader of the meeting. "Please don't shoot! I have a wife and a child, please!" He practically begged the teenager.

"Do I look like I care?" He asked, that was a rhetorical question. Peter had worn a mask that covered his entire face, making it impossible for anyone to read his expression. "Please." The man begged once more, Peter managed to corner him until his back softly hit the wall. He was trapped.

"The plans." Peter demanded, pointing the gun between the eyes of the fearful man. "What about them?" He said, he was about to look death in the eye and he knew it. "Don't play dumb with me, you've clearly made them already. Have the plans been sent yet?" He said, pushing the gun harder on the man's forehead so that the cold metal hit his hot and sweaty skin. "Y-Yes." He stuttered.

"When will they take place?" He asked, he pushed the gun harder which was nearly impossible but only caused the man to whimper more. "Earliest tomorrow, latest next week." He said scared. "Fuck." Peter said, he knew that he had to get his hands on those plans. "Thank you for your service." He said, the man looked at the boy, it was his last sight he'd ever witness. The gunshot got fired and the man looked at Peter with those empty dead eyes.

Peter ran over towards the laptop which was still running, he opened the documents that was last edited a few minutes ago and his eyes scanned it. "Shit." He muttered, realised that it had been sent to at least 20 receivers. He knew that it meant big trouble, simply because he didn't know how many people would attack Stark Industries in order to receive the weapons. He knew that these wouldn't be the big bosses behind the entire organisation, no one would be so stupid to sent the heads of a mission to the same place. This was simply a side track, meant to distribute the attention on something else.

It was too late that Peter realised that this was a possible test. HYDRA had set this mission because they knew an attack was planned on Stark Industries. He was sent to this meeting to test out where his loyalties now lay, to the organisation that had brought him up to what he was now. Or with the people who let him feel how it was to be loved, to be normal.

I've never been happier

Tony had given up. It's been a week since he had called in the mission to search for Peter Parker, but all of the Avengers had also landed on a dead track. He simply refused to admit that Peter just disappeared upon them, and he had been subconsciously being writing the boy's disappearance off as a kidnapping. Perhaps an evil organisation had caught eyes on the fact that he had been growing closer towards the boy. Tony also threw off the fact that neither the boy or his aunt officially existed. He knew that that had to be something suspicious, yet he didn't want to admit it.

Because admitting that they both weren't real meant that something darker lurked behind it, and Tony feared for something like that to be real. Of course, the more his thoughts lingered on Peter the more and more his fears became real foes. The billionaire had found himself more and more often to be experiencing troubles while attempting to sleep. Like he'd lay wide awake at night, his eyes shut with the soft and regular breathing of his wife next to him. Everything gave off a peaceful feeling, except his thoughts.

And the few rare moments he managed to actually fall asleep, he was soon awakes by the nightly terrors that haunted his dreams. As you can guess, most of those nightmares included Peter. Sometimes, when the man was wandering around in the tower at one of those ungodly hours, he could swear he heard that light and optimistic voice say 'Mr. Stark! Mr. Stark!'. But as soon as they appeared, they also disappeared.

A few, even rarer times, he had caught a few fragments of Peter in the reflections of anything that included glass. The haunting thoughts about the boy suddenly reappearing out of thin air, just like he arrived, brightened him just as much as it scared him. Those thoughts made him happy, because it meant that Peter was safe and alive. But they also scared him, because he didn't know the truth about the boy that had grown like a son to him.

Pepper Potts worriedly walked into his lab, the first thing she noticed was that there wasn't any loud music playing. There hadn't been since Peter was gone. The second thing she noticed was the slump posture of her husband, like he hadn't slept in days and it was showing. "Tony." She muttered concerned, softly walking over to him. Her arms wrapped around him, comforting her with her warmth and affection as she softly kissed his head.

"Hey Pep." Hé replied quietly, kissing one of her arms. He had a laptop right in front of him and was searching for any security footage that might show Peter. But as he expected, it was as if the boy knew exactly where every camera was and he avoided them all perfectly. Pepper's eyes darted towards the screen, and right at that moment Tony received a new e-mail.

He absentmindedly clicked on it, expecting it to be another ridiculous offer from another company, but instead he was met with complete confusion. He frowned at the name of the sender, it was

from Peter. "Pep." He said, his voice sounded hopeful and Pepper hugged him a bit harder to encourage him to continue reading.

From: peterparker@ outlook.com

To: tonystark@ gmail.com

Mr. Stark

Don't have much time to explain how or why but there's gonna be an attack at the tower. Don't know how many people but they're out for weapons. Between today and next week Friday it'll happen. Sorry.

Peter

Tony could've cried tears of happiness right there and then. He finally heard something from Peter, even though it was vague and out of the blue but still. It meant that he was at least alive, which was all that mattered to him. He didn't care how Peter had picked up that information, but he was glad he did. "Oh my god, Tony." Pepper said equally delighted as Tony felt.

"I know Pep!" He said, all of his spirits finally lifted again. "He's alive." He smiled, Pepper smiled back. For a moment, both adults didn't care about the bad news the teenager had brought. Because for the first time in days, they both felt relieved and overjoyed.

Growing up in a HYDRA base, you were fed with all kind of stories told by adults. Stories that made sure that the kids had certain ideas about the outside world, like how it was all corrupt and evil. Stories about so called superheroes who were in fact nothing but a stunt of the government (which was also corrupt). Stories about how mean people tried to bring down the organisation that had brought up the children in order to scare them and let them obey everything that they were told. In conclusion, the perfect HYDRA agents because they believed everything they were fed.

One of the stories, as Peter could recall, was about people who tried to break in in order to kill everyone. The intruders wouldn't stop if they stumbled upon an adult, a teenager, or even a child. They came for one thing and one thing only, and that was to bring down HYDRA. Luckily for everyone inside, they wouldn't go down without fighting back. And fighting back they did. They managed to push the intruders back and bring everyone to safety by relocating them all to a much

safer place.

But one of the stories Peter never heard, was of someone trying to break out of a HYDRA base. The people who were held captive there could impossibly break out of the chains, that much was clear. And the agents self? They weren't so stupid to ever break out. Except Peter, on this occasion.

The entire flight home he was fidgeting with his thumbs, wishing he had something in his hands to bring his thoughts off the e-mail he had just sent. He didn't know if Mr. Stark would even read it, or would even believe if it was real. But he could only hope that he did.

The night he was back at the base he kept running the options through his head. He could stay here and show that he was still loyal to the organisation, and with that not endanger his mission. Or he could attempt to sneak away, steal one of the planes and fly over to New York. Go back to Stark Industries and help to hold off the attack, if he wasn't too late. Or he could escape, hijack a plane and fly somewhere where no one could ever find him again. Simply start over.

He groaned, as his recently gained moral told him what he had to do. He started to see Tony Stark as a kind of father, and he hoped that the man saw him as a kind of son. He doubted that he would, once he would find out the truth. Deep down, Peter knew that Tony would soon figure it all out. Everything seemed to be way too obvious recently. The mission was starting to loose its foundations, making sure that when Peter stood on it with his both feet it would crack. Taking the teenager down into oblivion, right where he belonged.

It was 2 in the morning, everyone around Peter was asleep. He carefully shook of his covers, revealing him in his black suit. He would have taken a backpack with the things he cherished, but there were a few occurring problems with that idea. One, he didn't have a backpack. Two, he didn't have anything he truly adored. So, the teen simply started to climb on the wall, and then the ceiling. He tried his best to stay of any cameras, but it was hopeless. When everyone would wake up and notice that he had left, they would know that he had gone back to Stark Industries. He had become soft and predictable. Peter didn't know whether or not he should hate himself.

Still on the ceiling, he climbed through the corridor that connected all the bedroom together. Slowly he passed in front of all the sleeping children. When the corridor came to an end the boy slipped through another pair of doors, arriving in yet another hallway. He knew that the halls were

meant to confuse people who have never been here before, but he knew them like the back of his head. He still found himself on the ceiling, but he was now making his way towards the security room.

Luckily for him, there were only 4 security guards which he managed to knock out in a matter of seconds. He took the keys off one of them and deleted all possible security tapes, shutting down all the electricity in the process. Nearly immediately an alarm went off, causing Peter to visibly flinch. He jumped to the ceiling and opened up the vents, once he was inside he closed it behind him and took a deep breath while taking in his surroundings.

Knowing all the 284 knowable corridors of a HYDRA base out of your head was one thing, but knowing where all the vents led to was a completely different thing. Peter crawled through them, praying that they would lead him to an exit he recognised. He hated to admit that he was lost in the vents system of the base, and the fact that the walls were slowly coming closer and closer to him also didn't help a lot.

"Check the entire building for any flaws." Tony Stark said to his AI, FRIDAY didn't respond because she was doing the check. After a while she was done and told the billionaire that nothing could possibly get in. "Possibly isn't good enough, if we believe Peter's word then they will do everything to get those weapons." He reasoned. "What do you want me to do boss?" The AI asked, Tony simply sighed. "Just warn me of anything suspicious near the building, okay?" He asked her, "Will do boss." she responded.

Tony hated this. He hated feeling so left in the dark, not alone about Peter but also this entire possible attack he warned about. He was still worried about his intern, he held so many possible dangerous secrets that Tony just wanted to protect him. Natascha walked past his lab and noticed that something was off with Tony.

She wouldn't necessarily call Tony her friend, but she would kill anyone who managed to upset him. She had grown overprotective over the entire team, and even though they could save themselves perfectly well she still wanted to protect them. "Everything alright?" She asked him while she entered his lab, her eyes scanning everything that was scurried in there.

"Saying I've never been happier wouldn't result in you leaving me alone, will it?" He joked, turning his head slightly around to look at the woman who had entered his lab. "You know me too well. Now, tell me what's bothering you." She said, at first she had a little smile playing around her lips but that soon made place for a serious expression.

"I think you already know what's bothering me, don't you?" He chuckled, he had come to peace with the fact that the ex-assassin knew everything that was going on. Old habits, right? "Peter." Was all she said, Tony nodded. "I'm not trying to give you any false hope Tony, know that." She started, the billionaire looked at her and nodded softly.

"I've also spent less time with Peter than you have, but from what I've noticed the boy will come back on his own. Sooner or later." She said, Tony knew she was right. He didn't look like someone who would go all out of his way to warn someone only to then disappear again. "I only hope that it's later." He muttered underneath his breath, but Natascha heard him. She knew about the possible attack, and hoped just like Tony that the boy wouldn't arrive right in the middle of the danger.

He may be Spider-Man, but he was also just a kid.

Peter could've cheered with happiness, hell he'd even do a tiny victory dance. He managed to find his way out of the vents and the entire building in general and was now standing near a helicopter. He used a piece of metal from one of the key rings to open up the door, so now he was sitting in the helicopter.

He knew that he simply needed to connect two wires together in order for it to start, and soon he had found them. He laughed wickedly when the blades of the helicopter started to move, he was slowly levitating in the air when two other HYDRA agents ran out of the building and looked at him in the stolen helicopter. "So long, suckers!" He yelled when the helicopter flew very high very fast, until he became one with the clouds.

As a young HYDRA agent, you learn a few things growing up. First, languages. They try to teach every child as much languages as possible. Second, how to handle weapons. Everything is a weapon, if only you use it right. Third, how to use vehicles. They were taught how to start every single vehicle without keys and how to use that vehicle.

Hence why Peter could fly the helicopter so smoothly. He knew the route to Stark Industries, he had a perfect orientation. When he arrived closer to the giant building he tried to use one of the coms in order to connect with Stark.

"Unidentified pilot, state your name and business." A voice that sounded similar to FRIDAY spoke. Peter knew that the chance was small that Mr. Stark was also listening, but he had to give it a go. "I need to speak with Mr. Stark." He said, his voice sounded urgent.

"State your name and business, please." The AI repeated, Peter softly whimpered. "I'm Peter! Please." He said desperately. It had been a week since he had sent that email to Mr. Stark, and the tower still looked complete. It had to be today, he realised. "Kid?" Came Mr. Stark's voice, Peter let a happy snuffle escape his mouth.

"Are you, flying a helicopter?" He asked surprised. "Yes! Can I land without being shot out of the air?" He asked, Tony thought that he was joking but let him land regardless.

Once the helicopter hit the ground Peter stumbled out, he was exhausted of the entire escape and the flying. The adrenaline had completely left his body. There on the roof a man was awaiting him, he basically ran over towards the tired teenager. "My god Peter." Tony said as he hugged Peter tightly, Peter could finally relax and let his entire weight rest on his mentor.

"Where have you been?" Tony asked worriedly, his eyes shot towards the helicopter. He didn't like the fact that Peter knew how to steer one, or that he flew all the way over from god knows where to the tower. "Away." Was his short response as the two walked over towards the door on the roof.

"The attack?" Peter asked they descended to a floor which had access to the elevator. "Hasn't happened yet." Mr. Stark filled in, Peter let a relieved sigh escape. "Why? Peter tell me how you knew about the attack." Tony said, he wanted answers. He had become tired of all the lies and untold truths of the teen. "Not yet, but perhaps-" just as Peter said those words, the tower started to shake underneath their feet.

This is it, Peter thought. His one way ticket into oblivion.

I've never felt so alive

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tony steadied his grip on the teen, scared that he would fall while the foundations of the tower shook dangerously underneath their shoes. "I'm fine. Super sticky, remember?" Peter said, laughing softly. Tony tried to smile, he really did, but worry overtook his expression once more. "You need to rest." He said, he just wanted the teen to be okay again.

"Later, okay? They're attacking the tower and we need to stop them." Peter said confidently, Tony shook his head disapprovingly while he still held the teen as they descended the stairs. "I want you to rest." Tony reminded him. "And I said I don't need resting. Honestly, I've never felt so alive." The teen said as he softly took off Tony's arms. Tony felt slightly hurt by this gesture but quickly shook it off, he knew that the teen only wanted to have him safe.

It was then that Tony noticed the clothes Peter was wearing, a similar suit to his Spider-Man one but then in complete black. "Peter-" Tony said as he followed the teenager down, Peter shot Tony a reassuring glance. "Don't worry dad, it'll be alright." He said, if the circumstances weren't so unfortunate he would feel out of his skin at the fact that Peter saw him as a dad, but now it only caused him to feel even more scared. Even before Tony could let any more protests escape his mouth, he saw the teen run down the stairs.

Because of the attack the elevators were all shut down, so Tony didn't have another choice than to activate his nano tech suit that soon submerged his entire body. He wouldn't be in his right mind if he would let Peter fight against those intruders without him doing so too. This may be their last battle together, and he wouldn't let anyone dare to hurt his son.

Peter was running on the ceiling, since that was much more efficient than running on the stairs. "FRIDAY, where are they fighting?" He asked the AI. "They're currently at the first floor, but they're gaining floors fast. Also, glad that you are back, Peter." She responded, Peter couldn't help but smile. "Glad to be back." He said, as he started to run faster. He could hear Tony flying near him, and at a sudden point he lifted the teen up in his arms so that they were flying together.

Peter threw his arms around Tony's neck, even though he wasn't scared at all. A small smile crept around his lips as he watched the teen enjoy flying in his arms. When the two arrived on the scene of action they both had a different feeling.

Tony, he mostly felt scared. He didn't want to bring the young boy into a fight like this. Sure, he fought criminals in his free time, but this attack was planned. All he wanted to do was wrap the boy in some blankets and put him somewhere safe, preferably as far away as possible. Peter, on the other hand, was glad that they finally arrived. Because for the first time in his life, he felt like he would fight for something good. It was an odd feeling for the HYDRA agent, but it was something he could get used to. And that made him smile.

Peter threw his legs off Mr. Stark's arms and slowly released the man out of his grip. He saw people making their way towards them and prepared himself for a battle position. "Hey Pete?" Tony asked. "Yes Mr. Stark?" Tony pretended like the name Mr. Stark didn't really hurt him, but it did. "Be careful alright?" Peter nodded, a smile was visible but soon disappeared as he put on his mask again. "Pete?" Tony asked once more. "Yes?" The boy looked at him, while Tony's face plate shoved back in place.

"Don't kill anyone, alright? I don't want you to have that on your conscious." He said as he hovered back in the air. "No offence, Mr. Stark, but I think it's a bit late for that." He said, he swung off into the battle leaving Tony to wonder what he had meant. The genius already had a small suspicion, but he feared for it being true.

Peter ran into battle like he had done many times before. He took out two knives from his suit and was about to throw them until his sixth sense went off, he reached out his hands and caught two small black devices that could fit around his wrists. "Use these webshooters instead kid." Tony said as he flew over him. Peter smiled gratefully and attached them, already webbing up the intruders. His sixth sense went off again and he dodged the bullet, picking up his knife and throwing it at whoever fired that gun.

Just like Peter was used to, it hit the man straight in the heart. He shrugged that one's man death off, then proceeded to web more people up. Every Avenger was fighting the intruders, Steve was throwing his shield and knocking people out. Tony was shooting something that caused the people who got hit to fall unconscious. Natasha was shooting seducing bullets while Clint was shooting seducing arrows. Wanda was using her powers to get everyone in the same place for the other to knock down.

Before they knew it they had managed to knock everyone out on the fifth floor, only 4 more to go. One by one the Avengers ran down the stairs, knocking everyone unconscious that crossed their path. Peter's hand reaches more than once towards the numerous knives he carried with him, but each time his hand slipped over to one Tony was by his side, softly placing his hand on top. As if he was to say 'please don't'.

They still fought side by side, having each other's backs as they fought off the intruders. The intruders had guns and were firing it at the Avengers, but everyone managed to stay as much as unharmed. They still went with the knock everyone out tactic, and it seemed to work really well. Their fighting was synced with each other, like they had been fighting alongside for ages instead of mere minutes.

The intruders were backed down and knocked out before anyone knew, and Peter was satisfied that they hadn't managed to steal anything. He was so convinced that everything would be alright now, but of course. Nothing was ever meant to be alright.

They were all located on the first floor, all taking in the several unconscious people around them. Natascha softly breathed out, it's been a while since she had to knock out so many people at once. Clint closed his eyes for a moment, wishing he'd be somewhere else except here. Steve picked his shield up from the floor, clearly avoiding the rampage around him.

Wanda shot short glances around her, before her gaze rested on her teammates. Tony's face plate slid off as he whistled at the damage around them. But then his eyes landed on Peter, who was slightly trembling. "Kid." He muttered as he walked over to the shaking boy. "Are you alright?" Steve asked, once he heard Tony's worried tone and his eyes shot to the boy too.

"They're gonna come for me. Oh god they're gonna kill me." Peter muttered underneath his breath, he was afraid of what was about to come. He hadn't felt such a strong fear in years, and it felt as if it was all rushing back to him at that moment. "Who's coming?" Clint asked, he realised that Peter was still a child, which made him think about his own children.

"Agent Spider, I see that you've made a huge mistake." Spoke a new voice, all the heads turned towards a woman who had managed to slip unnoticed into the room. "I did what I had to do." Peter replied, the woman's gaze landed upon the teenager. "No, you did what you thought was right. You know how much we discourage that." She said, clearly unsatisfied.

"Peter, what's going on?" Tony asked confused. "Stay out of it." He hissed warningly, as his eyes quickly averted towards Tony and back to the woman. "Oh, still protective over people you care about, Agent Spider? I thought we fixed that when you were 8." She said with a smug around her lips.

"What do you want?" Peter said briskly, clearly annoyed with the woman's presence. "For you to finish your mission. I'll let this mistake slip for once, if you just carry on the mission." She said. Peter raised an eyebrow, that didn't sound like the organisation he knew at all. "And if I don't?" The woman's smile grew wider as she pulled out a gun from under her robes and shot the teenager in the leg, the latter let out a scream in pain as he nearly fell to the ground, only being caught by Tony.

"Leave him alone." Natascha said, pulling out a pair of knives. "Well well well, if it isn't the infamous Black Widow." The woman said, widely grinning. "My Agent told me he had a difficult time to gain your trust, but I notice that you're pretty protective over him, aren't you?" Her fingers played with the gun and all of the Avengers feared that she may shoot Peter again.

Without thinking Clint shot an arrow at the woman, who easily dodged it and only looked more disapproving at the archer. "Hawkeye, am I correct? For an ex-assassin you're pretty gullible when it comes to the aspect of 'just an intern', huh?" She teased, a wicked laugh escaped her mouth. "Oh, and don't get me started on you, Tony Stark. You managed to break one of our best agents. All our hard work, down the drain." She spat out and shot another bullet in the teen's leg, who yelled out in pain as the sharp metal hit him. He was too exhausted to dodge the bullets and his reflexes were getting groggy.

"He's just a kid!" Tony yelled in defence, he hated that his suspicions had become true. The teenager was just another victim of a secret and underground organisation that wanted nothing more than to take over the world in their own gruesome way. "Yes, but also an assassin who has never failed a mission. Until now." She said, she held out her gun again, ready to shoot. As she pulled the trigger Steve threw his shield, making the bullet hit the shield in the air which caused the woman to look at the super soldier.

"Ah, the famous super soldier. You know, thanks to you the boy is who he is." She smirked, completely forgetting the gun in her hands. "Howard Stark never signed up for something like this." Steve said annoyed, the woman clacked her tongue. "No, but I did. Agent Spider, continue your mission." She said, all their eyes were focused on Peter.

"Pete, what mission?" Tony asked, the teen tried to look Tony in the eye but failed as black dots started to dance in front of his eyes. "No." Peter said weakly as he looked at the woman again. "No? Did I just hear a-" Mid sentence the sound of a repulser could be heard as the woman flew backwards by the force and straight into a wall. "Couldn't have done that earlier, could ya?" Peter muttered before he lost consciousness. God, how he hated to pass out.

The team's gaze was struggling between looking at the unconscious teenager in Tony's arms, or the unconscious odd lady that was laying between the rumbles of the wall. "What now?" Wanda asked, not sure yet about the entire situation. "We bring Pete to Med Bay and lock this woman up for answers." Tony said, looking at them both.

The team carried the two people to the different locations, Tony obviously went with Peter. The entire way over to the Med Bay Tony kept shooting worried glances towards the teenager. "He'll be okay, don't worry." Clint said, Tony couldn't help but scoff at that statement. Sure, he thought, it's not like his son had been shot twice in the leg or something.

Bruce had prepared the Med Bay for the teen and soon sent everyone out as he treated the wounds. "What have you been up to?" He muttered to himself, the boy on the bed softly grunted and mumbled something. "Did you say something?" Bruce asked as he stitched up the last wound. "My fault." He muttered, now loud enough for the scientist to hear, before falling back into unconsciousness.

Over the span of the next few days Peter went in and out of consciousness, his physical wounds had healed up as they should for someone with super fast healing, only his unconscious brought worry to Tony and Bruce. Tony was found sitting next to the teen's bed, once again, when the teenager finally woke up.

"Where's she?" Was the first thing he asked as he slowly blinked to get used to the bright lights. "Locked up, for now. Who is she exactly, Peter?" Peter closed his eyes again before looking at the billionaire, Tony had never seen the boy look so serious and scared at the same time.

"Mrs. Noudat." Was all he said, Tony knew that something was up with Peter. He was scared for him, and Peter noticed that. "It's okay, you don't have to be scared that they'll hurt me again. I'm Spider-Man, remember?" He chuckled as he sat up straighter. "But, how much of that is a lie?" Tony asked, he had to rip the bandaid off. If he didn't know, who knew what the teen still had up his sleeve? For all he knew, this could be their last moment together.

Peter's gaze averted towards his lap. "I suppose you deserve the truth." He said, his body tensed up. Somewhere deep inside, he knew that this was the moment he had been postponing since he met them. He realised that this was also the moment that they would all despise him and wouldn't want to know him anymore. He had committed crimes, ones that were unforgivable in the eyes of the Avengers.

"Take your time." Tony reassured the kid with a soft smile, Peter couldn't help but feel like he didn't deserve the man's kindness at all. "Where do I begin?" The boy asked, more to himself than towards the father figure next to him. "My name is Peter, and I was trained to be what they called, Agent Spider."

Chapter End Notes

I cannot remember a thing about the fic I needed to read at that time and it truly is short compared to my recenter fics but I like it and I hope you did too :)

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